

like lightning when i'm swimming out to sea

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by [Gabriel1915](#)

Summary

'It's fine', Loki thinks numbly, thumbing Thor's name on his phone to call him back.
'Mobius just lost his phone and wanted to talk, to apologize. The phone may have rattled around in Thor's pocket and called repeatedly. Or Thor lost his house keys, or... or...'

But all those thoughts, those optimistic ideas Loki told himself to quell his panic, dissipate as soon as Thor picks up and says, in a very measured voice, clearly trying to keep as level as possible:

"Loki. Brother, you need to stay calm."

This was wishful thinking.

COMPLETE

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

There aren't many things that Loki Laufeyson misses from his previous life as a thief embezzling from his father's company Odin and Sons, Inc.

He doesn't miss the loud hedonistic parties he used to attend, the copious amounts of alcohol he would use to numb himself, the endless parade of conquests that would filter in and out of his rooms at all hours, the massive home he'd bought with stolen money and then filled with as many expensive things as he could to try and plug up that hole inside of him that called for more, and more, and *more...*

No, Loki didn't miss any of that one bit.

But as he wakes up to the sound of an alarm ringing at 4:00am on this Tuesday morning, he recalls with some mournfulness how for much of his life he had the luxury of waking up without an alarm, because he had never had any regularity that necessitated it. He could, and would often, wake up far into the afternoon, and it would never make any difference.

And yet... as he wakes up from the gentle sounds of the alarm, he also feels an arm tighten briefly around him under soft cotton sheets, bringing him tighter against the warm chest he'd been resting against all night.

Loki murmurs his displeasure as he feels his husband's arm lift from around him, but blessedly it's just to silence the alarm gently tinkling at this godforsaken hour.

The arm comes back around him, fingers threading through his as he hears Mobius' voice rumble, "Morning."

Loki tightens his fingers around the hand in his and presses a kiss to the back of it, refusing to open his eyes. "I'm not sure this qualifies," he mumbles sleepily.

Loki feels the chuckle from behind him vibrating against his back. Mobius snuggles close for a few blessed minutes, threads their legs together, and Loki feels Mobius drag a calf gently along his. His tummy fits right into the concave dip of Loki's lower back, face nestled into wild black curls. But then all too soon, Mobius begins to slip away, gently pulling back and making sure that the blankets are still tight around Loki.

But Loki still groans in complaint, reluctantly fluttering his eyes open to reach out for his husband. His eyes open to a blessedly dark room, the sun not yet peeking through their curtains. He sees Mobius is sitting at the edge of their bed, rubbing his face to try and wake himself up too. It's not often that either of them have to wake up *this* early.

Loki hauls himself up, feeling goosebumps bead along his arms as he exposes himself to the chilly room, immediately missing the body-warmed sheets. He slides to the edge of the bed, spreads his legs to either side of Mobius and wraps his arms around his husband's warm body, tucking his face into his neck and pressing kisses there. The sleep-soft smell of Mobius settles into Loki's chest, making him feel unbearably safe and warm.

So warm, Loki thinks, the morning rendering him slow and sentimental. *Warm, soft, safe*.

"What can I do to tempt you back to bed?" Loki whispers, hands rubbing across Mobius' naked chest, feeling the soft texture of his hair. His fingers reach for the necklace that hangs around Mobius' neck, a silver chain with a very small dagger hanging on it, smaller than Mobius' thumbnail.

Loki had been frightened to give Mobius a ring to wear when they married, considering how much he used his hands in fixing surf boards and repairing jet skis, worried it would catch on something and pull his finger off. So on the day of their wedding he'd pulled this chain out, and Mobius had lost his composure at the sight, kissing Loki before the justice of peace had even finished their vows. The few invited guests there had gotten a good laugh out of it, but Loki could see the emotion in Mobius' eyes.

Weeks later he'd tackled Loki into bed when he'd finally noticed the very tiny "always" etched into the blade, kissing him hard while his hands frantically pulled at Loki's clothes.

They switch often enough, but it is rare that Mobius actually demands, *loudly*, to be fucked, and this was one such occasion Loki remembers vividly.

Mobius chuckles. "Pray your brother's clients cancel in the next 30 minutes." He tilts his head back to try and catch Loki's eye as he teases.

Loki groans and flops against Mobius, tethers cut and all hope lost. "Why on earth you told my brother 'yes' to this inane outing I'll never understand."

“You and me both,” Mobius groans, finally hefting himself up to his feet. He grunts as his joints click with his stretching.

Loki allows his hands to drag along Mobius’ body as he stands, peering out of his lashes as his husband turns and faces him, standing between his legs. Mobius’ hands reach out and pull Loki’s hips to the edge of the bed, wrapping his arms around the man.

Loki sighs at those big warm hands rubbing firmly at his back, resting comfortably against his husband, the feeling of his familiar body against his a sensation he will never stop craving.

“Go back to bed, sweetheart,” Mobius whispers into his hair. “You don’t have to be up for a while.”

Loki shakes his head, arms wrapped around Mobius as he tilts his head up to rest his chin on his gray-haired chest. He looks up into those precious blue eyes, loving the lines of crows’ feet that crinkle with a gentle smile.

“There’s no point,” Loki responds. “You’re not in it.” Loki has never been able to fall asleep easily, unlike Thor who has the uncanny ability to drop off wherever he sits. And now, especially with feeling for the past half decade how incredible it feels to have a warm Mobius in bed, he doesn’t like falling back asleep in an empty bed.

Mobius smiles, eyes hooded and face looking absolutely soppy. Loki has always been at a loss to try and explain Mobius’ eyes—how when he turns the full force of them on Loki, he can feel his knees melt and mind go blank. Loki is no stranger to beautiful people with equally beautiful eyes staring at him. But Mobius’, the way they twinkle and dilate and follow Loki when he moves, how his face softens and lips fall open... it was, and always has been, utterly intoxicating.

His hands reach up to cradle Loki’s jaw, like he’s something precious, and leans down to press a kiss to his mouth.

Loki smiles into the kiss, holding Mobius closer, knowing there isn’t any place in the world that he belongs to more than in his husband’s arms.

No. In actuality, there wasn’t a single thing that Loki missed about the life he had led before meeting this man.

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Eventually Loki and Mobius manage to crawl out of their bedroom to the kitchen, Loki making some coffee while Mobius toasts a slice of bread for himself. Loki never has much of an appetite this early in the morning.

Watching the pour over drip dark coffee into Mobius' tumbler, Loki stifles a yawn with the sleeve of the sweater he is wearing. He's thrown on a pair of black panties, and the sweater was Mobius', pilfered long ago.

"Should be a nice day," Mobius says quietly, looking out the curtain at the brightening horizon. "Thor says the lesson shouldn't take too long. I might be in time to stop by on your lunch hour?"

Loki screws the top on Mobius' tumbler and placed it on the counter before turning to brew himself a cup, but made with a more reasonable amount of coffee beans. Mobius had a horribly high caffeine tolerance from years of energy drinks.

"Don't give me hope," Loki grumbles, measuring out the beans. "Thor steals all the joy from my life."

"Hey," Mobius says, reaching out a toe to poke Loki's bare calf. "It's great your brother still invites little old me out to surf. I'd lose all finesse if I didn't get out on the water once in a while."

Loki raises a brow and nudges his leg back. "And owning an ocean sport shack on the beach isn't enough time in the water, is it?"

Mobius rolls his eyes. "You know what I mean." He takes a sip from his tumbler and makes a deep sigh of approval. "This is delicious, thank you."

"Of course it is," Loki says, pretending a warm glow doesn't appear in him at the praise. "Any fool can make a decent cup of coffee."

"Except me, of course," Mobius teases. He had once tried to make coffee this way, but had over-filled the pour over too quickly with boiling water—Loki had come downstairs to find Mobius dejectedly mopping up wet coffee grounds off the floor and countertops. Loki was happy to make the coffee in the house, but Mobius would make a valiant effort now and then.

“All those energy drinks have addled your taste perception, that’s not my fault. You’re the only person I know who still talks about Josta.”

“The 90s were a golden era, Loki,” Mobius says loftily. “An era of Josta and jet skis. The youth will never understand.”

“The youth!” Loki exclaims, spooning a bit of sugar into his freshly brewed coffee. He turns to look at Mobius as he sips his coffee. Glorious. “Is that how you think of me?”

“Mmm,” Mobius agrees, placing his tumbler down. He moves closer, slowly, eyes focused on Loki’s with far too much intensity for an innocent Tuesday not-morning. Mobius reaches out, slipping his hands under the sweater. “My dear husband who I robbed away, seducing with my wicked ways.”

“Ha!” Loki snorts, taking another sip of coffee. “If there was anybody doing the seducing in this relationship, *old man*—”

“Yes, yes,” Mobius acquiesces, tilting his head back to the ceiling as if in exasperation. “You mischievous scamp with your bedroom eyes, and your beautiful hands, and your ridiculous voice. Old Mobius never stood a chance.”

“My hands, hmmm?” Loki teases, finally setting his coffee aside to play with Mobius’ collar. His husband is wearing a plain button-up today with board shorts, easy things to discard or wear beneath his wet suit for the ocean. He has also brushed his hair, which Loki thinks is silly considering it was about to be blown back by the wind. “Is that what you first noticed about me?”

Mobius leans in close, whispering just before their lips meet, “You know what I first noticed.” And Loki does know. He’s had Mobius tell him the story of their first meeting from his point-of-view multiple times. He loves hearing how his husband was utterly besotted with him even then, especially since Loki considered himself to be an abject failure at that time in his life.

After just a few kisses, soft and sweet, Mobius pulls back and begins moving to grab his pack and get going.

Loki walks him to the door of their beach house. Their home is right on the water, with a dock where their jet skis are tied off, bobbing side by side with the incoming tide. He gets a final kiss goodbye, and watches as Mobius walks backwards through the sand.

“I’ll see you at lunch!” Mobius calls, eyes on Loki’s face.

“I’ll be expecting you,” Loki says with an eyebrow cocked. He rests his shoulder on the door frame. “You’ve given me hope now. I’ll send you a message when I’m done with class.”

Mobius beams and blows one final kiss to his husband before turning back and walking to the dock. Loki watches as Mobius rubs one reverent hand down his jetski, before untying it and jumping on, his joy to be on the machine palpable even from this distance. He’ll be meeting Thor on the other side of the beach.

Loki waves goodbye as he sees his husband jet off into the distance. He comes back inside and tucks his nose into the collar of Mobius’ sweater, breathing the scent deeply. Collapsing on the couch with his coffee and laptop, Loki resolves to get some work done before he has to go to university for teaching.

He wants to have his lunch completely unencumbered by work for if... *when* Mobius arrived.

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When Loki had first met Mobius six years ago, he was in a dark place. He had tried to convince the board of directors of his father’s company to vote out Odin and Thor, which had failed spectacularly, then Loki had been caught embezzling from the company, was subsequently disowned, and had found out later that he had a twin sister he had been separated from at birth when they were adopted. And then before any amends could be made, Odin and Frigga had died in a car accident. Thor hadn’t even looked at him at the funeral.

So Loki had found himself at the age of thirty-two years old spending the last two years of his life drinking and fucking his way through London, steadily spending all the money he had stolen without a care. He had a degree from Cambridge in English literature, and no clue what to do. He’d thought his glorious purpose was to run Odin and Son’s, Inc. side-by-side with Thor for the rest of their lives, only to find out when he was twenty-three that he was adopted and that Odin had had no intention of allowing Loki to run the company with Thor, or even sit on the board.

In his anger, Loki had thought he could pull the rug out from under his father and brother for his own gain. But after failure, the only comfort he’d had was the money he steadily kept thieving away from here and there in the company—until he’d been caught of course. Loki didn’t see what difference it made, who got the money. The company was run by far-too wealthy men who

received yearly bonuses they hadn't earned in an amount they'd never be able to spend in their lives. What did it matter if the money found its way to Loki's pocket instead of theirs?

Plus he'd always had better taste, as his home and wardrobe could attest to.

But upon meeting Mobius M. Mobius, he found himself unwittingly beginning to reevaluate his life for the first time since finding out he was adopted.

Mobius had seemed so... ordinary when Loki had first met him. And in many ways, he was. He had worked at the same company since graduating college in Texas, stayed in a cubicle the majority of his working life, reporting to the same person for most of those years. He'd worked up in the company but had never felt any passion at the job and had declined many promotions. He left the job at the age of forty-four and had gone to England for vacation as change of pace. And that's when, on the third day of his trip, he had met Loki on that fateful evening at some nondescript bar in London.

And the rest was history.

When Mobius returned to America after extending his trip many times over (he had only meant to stay for a month, but Loki had kept begging for an extension until Mobius had stayed in London for 6 months), it had only taken the couple 2 months before Mobius had said, almost off-handed one day, that he had found an apartment in California that had a beautiful spacious closet for, say, a disgraced businessman with too many articles of clothing, and a stunning balcony that would be just a shame for somebody to enjoy *alone*.

It had taken Loki a few months to settle his affairs, sell the house and most of his belongings, before making his way across the ocean to a new life.

On the anniversary of their first meeting, Loki realized he wanted to do something he, and Mobius, could be proud of.

Mobius never judged Loki for his past—those six wonderful months they'd spent together in London, Mobius admitted he knew about Loki, had read the tabloids and the newspaper articles about the scandal, but didn't think that was who Loki was. Where everybody in Loki's life always seemed so reactionary to his every move, Mobius only looked at him with only compassion and understanding; he didn't rise to the bait of Loki's cruel comments when he lost his temper. He could verbally spar with Loki flawlessly, better than anybody else could in the past, but knew when they hit a sore topic he needed a gentler approach.

Mobius had once encouraged Loki to seek therapy, but hadn't made any moves beyond this gentle suggestion. Loki had raged against the idea, spitting that if Mobius was so sick of hearing his problems he never should have invited him to America. But Mobius had only waited for Loki to tire himself out and storm away, before quietly seeking him out with a cup of tea, prepared exactly how Loki liked. It was through this kind of quiet and gentle presence that Loki could make his own decisions.

Though Mobius refused to take credit for Loki's improvement since they'd met, asserting Loki had independently pulled himself out of the void he was in, Loki knew who had really saved his life. It wasn't the therapy he ended up going to for 3 years. Mobius had slipped under Loki's skin, torn down every wall he had, and settled into the very heart he'd painstakingly stitched back together. And Loki had helplessly, hopelessly fallen in love with the man who had offered him unconditional love and kindness.

So finally, Loki decided over a year after they moved in together to pursue a PhD in literature, specializing in Norse mythology texts, and had finished the program in just over three years. And the proud look on Mobius' face when he had walked across the stage to accept his diploma was a feeling he kept bottled up tight inside for posterity.

And so, Loki's life now consisted of teaching at the local university 3 days out of the week, working his way towards a tenured position hopefully, while Mobius spent his days as an instructor for all manner of ocean sports, though his heart truly lay in jet skiing.

It had been a shock to Loki when Thor had shown up on their doorstep almost a year ago, begging they amend their relationship. The brothers hadn't seen one another for years.

This had also been the first time the two had met—Thor had been shocked to see Mobius when Loki had subsequently, *reluctantly*, allowed his brother into their home, staring at Mobius like he was some scientific marvel. His eyes had tracked between the Mobius and Loki helplessly, before Loki had come over to Mobius and taken his hand, introducing his husband to his brother.

Loki's brows had come up at Thor's continued silence, shoulders curling around Mobius' side, daring his brother to say a single thing against the man he had pledged his undying fidelity to, but Thor had just walked up to Mobius and offered his hand, quietly thanking him for allowing him into their home. An extremely uncharacteristic show of deference that Loki had seen as the olive branch it was.

Thor and Mobius, after this initially awkward meeting, had subsequently gotten along like a house on fire.

Thor had taken to California life like a fish in water—Loki had always been jealous of how Thor could assimilate himself into any environment, his easy smile, good humor, and painfully attractive good looks ensuring everybody loved him immediately. Loki learned in the month that Thor lived with them that he had sold his seat on the board, and all his assets, donating near all the money to charity. He wanted to carve his own path in the world, not the one his father had thrust upon him. As Loki had.

And so after spending a few days with Mobius on the ocean jet skiing and surfing, and taking some lesson to be a certified ski and surf instructor, Thor ended up buying the little shop Mobius had been working at, and they now headed the small shack together, selling jet skis, surfboards, all manner of sports gear, and giving lessons. Thor eventually had gotten his own home, but the brothers saw one another near every day, and were closer than ever.

It was a gloriously simple life that Loki was thankful for every day he lived it.

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Loki had just finished instructing his first class of the day and was packing up to go to his office from the classroom. Mobius knew to meet him there for lunch, and they'd usually go from there. Or if Loki got his way, lock the door and defile the space for the hundredth time. He'd see how the time went.

Bag slung over his shoulder, Loki adjusts his sleeves before walking out. Stepping out of the building into the warm air, he makes his way across the quad. He hears his name called out.

Loki turns, and sees Dr. Casey jogging his way. Loki waits as the frazzled professor makes his way to him. The man huffs as he stops, small patches of sweat at his underarms through his tan button-up. As Loki has spent the majority of his time as a professor here wearing carefully pressed black suits, Loki's positive Casey has spent the past 13 years of his life at this university in varying shades of beige.

"Alright, Casey?" Loki asks, beginning to walk once more toward his office.

"No," he grumbles, walking alongside Loki. "My lab just bought a case of buffer and a student just tipped the box and broke almost every vial in the case. So my lab is covered in carcinogens, thanks for asking. I had to call clean-up."

Loki snorted. “Bad luck, shouldn’t be inviting infants into your lab.”

“Lunch?” Casey asks, ignoring Loki’s jab. He opens the door for Loki as they walked into another building.

“Mobius is coming,” Loki replies. “I’ll be taking lunch in my office. But Hunter may be available?”

Casey’s eyes widen, stuttering out, “No, no, that’s fine.” Casey remains utterly terrified of Dr. Hunter, a legend at the school. She was utterly brilliant, and utterly ruthless in conversation. Loki liked trading barbs with her but knew it had taken time for her to warm up to him. In fact, though they worked together she still maintained she liked Mobius more. Loki couldn’t argue that point. And it wasn’t that Casey *couldn’t* spend time with Hunter—but he preferred to do it with other people around, especially after their first meeting. One time at a party hosted by Loki and Mobius, Casey had been so nervous to be meeting Dr. Hunter, he’d gotten very, *very* drunk off Loki’s carefully chosen wine, and after being asked by Mobius if he wanted fish for dinner, had slurred, “What’s... what’s a fish?”

Loki still chuckled thinking of it.

They separate at Loki’s office as he enters, placing his bag down and checking his appearance in the mirror of his office bathroom quickly. He messages Mobius, asking when he’ll be arriving, and sits down with his laptop to wait. It was about a 45-minute commute to the school, but Loki didn’t doubt that Mobius was already on his way. Loki had 2 hours until his next class.

He spins his wedding ring around his finger as he reads some papers, antsy in checking his phone and the clock on the wall to see how much time had passed.

Half an hour goes by... then a full hour... an hour fifteen... and by the time Loki has 15 minutes left to class, he is feeling quite annoyed. He feels a little silly thinking that Thor and Mobius, when left to the ocean, would be able to reign themselves in enough to allow Loki a lunch hour with his husband. Or, perhaps Thor’s clients had been true amateurs and taken up too much of their time, despite the time limit for instruction. It could be any number of reasons.

He tries to call Mobius, but the call goes to voicemail. He shoots a snarky text then, wishing him a good time with the “better brother”, then another text that says, “I love you, make me dinner tonight when you get home, feeling quite famished”, and silenced his phone for class. Mobius was

already going to be contrite for missing their date, but Loki thought mischievously he could do with an extra bit of pampering.

Loki goes to his next class, looking forward to getting home to his husband at the end of the day, as he always did.

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The class is interminable. Loki cannot stand teaching first years, but knows this is his lot until he has a better standing at the university. He sighs as the students filter out of the class.

He slumps in his seat as the last one leaves, pulling out his phone, expecting it to light up with text after text from Mobius lamenting their missed lunch date.

But upon looking at the screen, he sees there are no texts or calls from Mobius.

There are over 15 missed calls from Thor.

What the hell? Loki thinks, glancing through all the calls, spaced barely 3 minutes apart.

It was at this moment that Loki feels a creeping cold sensation begin in his belly, spreading up towards his chest, threatening to seize his heart in panic. Something isn't right.

It's fine, he thinks numbly, thumbing Thor's name on his phone to call him back. *Mobius just lost his phone and wanted to talk, to apologize. The phone may have rattled around in Thor's pocket and called repeatedly. Or Thor lost his house keys, or... or...*

But all those thoughts, those optimistic ideas Loki told himself to quell his panic, dissipate as soon as Thor picks up and says, in a very measured voice, clearly trying to keep as level as possible:

"Loki. Brother, you need to stay calm."

This was wishful thinking.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Three hours, Loki thinks hysterically, foot pressing harder and harder on the gas pedal. *Three hours*. He is hyperventilating, fingers shaking, but his vision is hyper-focused on the roads, weaving in and out of lanes with profound urgency.

Mobius had gone missing when a wave had crashed into him at the end of the lesson. One of the customers had asked to stay on the water for just a little more, and Thor had taken the rest of the clients back to the beach while Mobius had stayed with the last one.

But that last wave had been large, unforgiving, and the student and Mobius had both been wiped out. The student had resurfaced... and Mobius had not. The student had swum as fast as he could back to shore and screamed for Thor, but by the time Thor had gone out to find Mobius... he'd only found the board without Mobius attached to it.

Loki had interrupted, voice cold and still as ice, asking if they were still on the side of the coast they usually gave lessons on. Thor had said yes, and Loki had turned the call off.

He tore out of the classroom, leaving everything behind except his phone and keys. He'd sprinted across the quad ignoring shouts he heard—he didn't have the mental capacity to say if they were students or staff.

Loki only had one goal: to get to the beach and search for his husband himself.

The drive was agony. It felt as though time had slowed to pouring molasses. After an interminable amount of time, Loki pulls into their home and tears down the beach, hopping on his own jet ski and going off to find the search party.

Thor saw him coming and waved frantically. Loki saw boats in the distance, possibly looking for Mobius as well. Loki pulled up next to Thor and barked, "Where do I start?"

"Loki," Thor stuttered out. His hair was a frazzled mess and falling almost completely out of its bun, eyes full of tears. "I'm sorry, I don't think—"

“*Tell me where to look!*” Loki thundered out, his hands tight on the bars, eyes manic.

“There are boats out looking,” Thor said, confirming Loki’s earlier suspicion. His hands come up to try and calm Loki down, like he was a feral animal. Which was exactly how Loki felt. “I don’t think—” Loki snarls, baring his teeth as he opens his mouth to scream at his brother to, for *fuck’s sake*, give him a *direction*. Thor closes his eyes in defeat, knowing there is no point in trying to protect his brother. He opens his eyes, and points. “You can start there.”

Loki revs his machine and is off before the last syllable leaves Thor’s mouth.

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Where is he?

Where is he?

Where is he?

“MOBIUS!” Loki screams into the ocean. “MOBIUS!”

There is no reply. As there hasn’t been for the past 20 minutes. Nothing but the cursed blue of this fucking ocean.

Loki brings his jet ski to a halt and stands, looking all around, desperate for a sign, for *something*.

He’s gone, a little voice in Loki’s mind supplied. *He’s gone, he’s gone, he’s gone...*

“NO!” Loki shouts, hands gripped in his hair as he shuts his eyes. “NO, no no no no....”

This was what Thor had wanted to protect Loki from. From the unmitigated panic in the desperate hunt to find his husband pounding through his heart, his veins, shooting through every nerve ending... and worst of all, from the possibility that Loki *would* find Mobius, but as a corpse floating through the water.

Loki collapses back in his seat and is off again, not letting himself stop. What was the point of stopping, until Mobius was found alive and well? He couldn't stop. He would ride this jet ski until every godforsaken wave was searched and then when the jet ski ran out of fuel he'd get in the damn water himself.

But finally, minutes later, the radio on Loki's ski crackles to life, and he hears Thor's voice shouting, "Loki! *Loki!*" Loki scrambles to grab the radio, his fingers wet from ocean water and clammy with fear. "Loki, we found Mobius! Come to the shack *now!*"

Loki's heart seizes in his chest, his muscles stuck in a kind of rigor. He throws his ski around, and goes back in the direction of Thor's store. He asks into the radio with as much control as he is capable, "Is he ok?" His heart is beating a tattoo into his throat.

"He's alive!" Thor shouts. "He's ok!"

Loki drops the radio, letting it swing back down over the handlebars. The radio crackles with Thor's voice, but Loki cannot answer it. He can feel his stomach roiling, the knee-shaking relief coursing through his body making him feel horribly nauseous, but he pushes the sensation down. He needs to get back to shore, get back to his *husband*, as fast as possible.

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As Loki gets closer to the beach, he can see figures toiling around in the sand. A moment later, he can see a very large man crouched over a figure laying in the sand. *Thor... and Mobius.*

Loki jumps off his ski as soon as soon he feels sand crunching under the machine, and a guttural cry escapes his mouth that vaguely sounds like his husband's name. He splashes through the water, shoes and pants soaked completely through from the search and his current wading. His button up is soaked through with sweat and ocean spray, clinging to him like a second skin, and he can feel his socks squelching. He notes abstractly that he had never tied the emergency stop to his wrist, and he can hear how Mobius would have scolded him for it.

Loki collapses in the sand next to Mobius and his brother, and time seems to stop as he focuses his attention on his husband.

Mobius looks exactly like someone who was battered by the sea and then hung on a rock to dry.

His face has scratches on it, with blood matting his gray hair. Loki notes with horror that his right shoulder looks... *wrong*. Under the tight wetsuit, he can see how out of place it looks. *Dislocated*, Loki thinks hysterically. His hands flutter uselessly around his husband's body, hovering over each cut and bruise. He desperately wants to pull Mobius into his lap, shield him from the burning sun and hold him tight, but doesn't want to hurt him anymore than he already is.

"Mobius," Loki whispers, a trembling hand reaching out to cup Mobius' cheek. "Mobius, I'm here." His other hand presses gently on Mobius' wrist, feeling the pulse fluttering there. "Look at me, *please*."

In the second between Loki's pleas and Mobius' eyes fluttering open, the professor can feel hysteria crawling through him. It felt like a wild animal clawing its way up his rib cage, threatening to drive Loki mad.

But then finally his husband's eyes open, peering through heavy lids to look at Loki.

"Hi, sweetheart," Mobius murmurs, barely audible. His lips quirk into a little smile, and his hand turns to take Loki's in his. "Sorry... I—I think I missed lunch."

Loki blubbers into a mess. He feels his face contort into sobs, and slowly leans down to press his lips to Mobius' softly once, twice, feeling how chapped they were, before resting his face gently above Mobius' heart. Loki's body is rattling with the battling sensations of profound relief and lingering terror. He can feel Mobius' hand slip up and into his wet hair, pressing him closer, murmuring reassurances to Loki.

Loki can feel Thor shuffle closer, informing them that the ambulance is on their way. But Loki was only tethered to reality right now by Mobius' hand on him, by the sound of his husband's voice in his ear, and the painful wracking sobs shuddering through his body.

At the hospital Mobius reveals that when he and the student had been wiped out his head had been bashed into something, whether a rock or coral he couldn't tell. He'd been discombobulated and his right arm useless after being ripped out of its socket from being thrown around in the water. Mobius had then found himself being pulled further out to sea, possibly by a riptide. He'd laid on his back and waited to be swept out, eventually hauling his body onto a rock, waiting for help or to at least regain enough energy to make it back to shore. But more time had passed than he had planned, and last thing he remembered was opening his eyes to see Loki's face on the beach.

Loki had been with Mobius through the ambulance ride, watching as the paramedics sheared through Mobius' wet suit to assess his injuries. They'd checked him for a concussion, which was thankfully negative. Frankly, the worst of his injuries was the dehydration and his shoulder. Loki had kept a tight hold on Mobius' hand for as long as he could, murmuring sympathetically as they had bumped over the road, jostling Mobius' shoulder and causing the older man to cringe with each movement. Loki's had nearly snapped at the ambulance driver to navigate more carefully but couldn't pull his eyes away from his husband long enough to make his anger known.

Thor had followed them from the beach in his car, and was now driving them home. Mobius was discharged home after his shoulder was set back into place and he was given some fluids intravenously. He was in a sling to keep the shoulder immobile, and his head wound had been stitched shut. And after another negative concussion check, demanded by Loki, Mobius was mercifully let go.

Now Thor, Mobius, and Loki sat in silence as Thor drove them home. Loki and Mobius were huddled in the back, Mobius' head resting tiredly on the professor's shoulder. Loki had his hands wrapped around Mobius' non-injured one, rubbing his thumb over the back.

Loki was trying to keep quiet, to keep calm, to give Mobius the space to rest. He had his head resting on Mobius, taking comfort in the feel of his presence and counting his relaxed breaths.

Finally they arrived at their home. Thor parked around Loki's car, which had been carelessly left in the driveway at an angle that made entry of another vehicle difficult. As Loki and Mobius maneuver out of the car, Loki notes quietly to Thor that he had left the house keys in the car when he'd parked and run for the jet ski. Thor nodded and headed to get the keys.

Mobius is quiet as Loki gently guides him to the front door, and Thor opens it for them. After gently placing Mobius on the couch in the living room, he strokes a hand through the shaggy silver hair as Mobius' eyes close gently.

Loki reluctantly turns to his brother who is hovering at the door, wringing the keys between his hands.

"I'll head home," Thor offers quietly. "Mobius doesn't have to worry about coming in for as long as he needs, I've got it at the shop. I'll also bring the jet skis over soon."

Loki nods, arms coming up to cross in front of his chest. He had completely forgotten about the jet

skis. He takes a few breaths and brings his eyes up to meet his brother's, taking note for the first time how shaken Thor looks as well. He knows how much Mobius means to Loki, but they are friends too. Loki comes closer and places a hand gently on his brother's shoulder.

"Thank you for finding him," Loki says, voice unable to raise to a higher register than a whisper.

Thor shakes his head. "It should have been me out there. I'm sorry, brother, that you had to go through this." Thor's big shoulders slump a little farther, looking utterly dejected. His eyes are downcast, keeping busy somewhere by Loki's bare feet.

Loki's mouth pinches, the options running through his head. Would Thor have been better equipped against the wave? Would none of this have happened if Mobius had not taken the client out on his own? Would Loki rather Thor was lost at sea than Mobius? Is that what Thor was apologizing for?

There was a time when Loki would have raged against Thor, screamed at him for allowing his husband to endanger himself this way, blaming him for a rogue wave he had no control over, for just standing idly by while the love of his life was nearly drowned in the ocean.

But none of that was rational. It would have been spoken out of misplaced fear and anger.

Ultimately, Loki shakes his head as he squeezes Thor's shoulder. "It doesn't matter. Neither of you could have known what would happen, and... I'm beyond grateful that you saved him."

Thor seems to relax at this, a small smile tugging at his lips. It seems he had also been expecting an irrational outburst from Loki—and the professor couldn't fault him for it. His past behavior spoke for itself.

"I'll see you in a few days," Thor says, dropping the keys in the bowl near the door. He tilts his head and says a little louder, towards Mobius. "Feel better, my friend."

Mobius seems to rouse a little from his doze at the sound of Thor speaking directly to him. His eyes open to slits and smiles, waving his hand tiredly in good-bye.

Loki locks the door as Thor exits, leaning his back against it as he stares at his husband.

Mobius appears relaxed, the drugs from the hospital still running through his veins, keeping him comfortable. His skin appears dry, drier than usual from being laid out on the rocks. His hair is a mess, dried through with salt water and blood. His eyes are still open and gazing at Loki, that small smile on his plush lips ever present. Those hypnotizing blue eyes, framed by long lashes, are tired and still a little red, shiny, but look at Loki like he's a treasure who accidentally wandered his way into their living room.

I almost lost him, Loki thinks hollowly. I woke up this morning with him safe in our bed, and he was almost taken from me hours later.

The professor can feel his breath coming quicker, his hands shaking where they're tucked behind his back, and Mobius sits up straighter, able to tell Loki's control is beginning to wane from the heaving of his chest.

Mobius beckons Loki with his hand and says almost plaintively, as if Loki is the one doing him a favor, "Come here, sweetheart."

Loki stumbles over, feeling slightly woozy, whether from hyperventilation or emotional distress he cannot tell. Mobius just gently folds Loki's body into his lap with practiced ease, even with only the use of one hand. Loki's face presses tight to his throat, long legs pulled up so he can be tucked in close. He can feel Mobius' arm around his back, holding him gently.

Loki's stomach roils at the smell of the salt water on his husband's skin but presses closer regardless. "I'm here, Loki. I'm here..." Mobius whispers gently. "Just breathe with me ok, sweetheart? Can you do that? Just like that..."

Loki feels Mobius begin taking deeper, more measured breaths, his chest rising and falling with the movement. Closing his eyes, Loki attempts to regulate his breathing pattern to match Mobius' while hiccupping through sobs. The comfort in this routine, which they had been doing for years when Loki would find himself careening headlong into a panic attack, slowly brings the professor's breathing rate down, his head feeling all the better for it. He keeps his arms wrapped tight around Mobius, cataloging every minute detail he can, his hands pressed against the soft fabric of his T-shirt and feeling the muscles contract in his back with each movement.

Loki cannot fathom a reality without this; he would have been unmoored, anchorless. Without Mobius' solid presence in the house they share, or his jet ski tied out front floating next to Loki's, or his sleepy face in the mornings creased from the pillows...

They had built this home, this *life*, together. Mobius' touch was everywhere throughout the house, clearly discernable from Loki's choices. The orange clock in the living room that shouted "Hey ya'll!" every hour (until Loki had had a conniption and disabled the blasted thing), the photos Mobius printed and hung throughout the house in mismatching frames, the fridge he'd decorated with jet ski magnets and shopping notes... How could Loki have ever returned to this house without his other half?

"This can't happen again," Loki demands abruptly, though his voice still rasps, wet with tears that are streaking down Mobius' neck. Loki brings his hand around to rest it on Mobius' chest, finding his necklace and holding the dagger through the shirt.

"I know, sweetheart."

"No, you don't understand. This *cannot* happen again." Loki clenches his fingers tighter, as if Mobius is going to disintegrate from beneath him. "You can't... *please*. I won't... I won't be able to cope. Please, just—" Loki's voice broke off, his throat clicking with the terrible pressure building in his chest. He knows he isn't making any sense.

"I know, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." Mobius presses his face to Loki's hair, voice also hoarse with tears.

Time passes, Loki isn't sure how long. He can't bring his arms to unwind from around Mobius, focusing on his breathing and soft murmurs, convincing himself that this isn't a dream, that Mobius wasn't still stranded at sea in that godforsaken water.

Finally with a voice far too casual for the day they've had, Mobius asks, calm as you please, "How was school today?"

Loki leans his head back to send a withering look to his husband, and Mobius laughs heartily, a large smile stretching across his lovely face. "If looks could kill," he says affectionately, bumping his nose to Loki's. And though Loki is annoyed with this blasé act, he cannot deny that hearing that familiar laugh and seeing that beautiful smile, crinkling his eyes and dimpling his cheeks, calms his heart and soothes his nerves better than any medicine.

Loki lays his head back down, resting in the nook of Mobius' collarbone, and slowly tells him about the work he got through in the morning, how exhausting his class of first years was, Casey's unfortunate lab incident... He knows what Mobius is doing, distracting him by talking about menial things, but it's working. His hands eventually, slowly, unclench from Mobius' shirt, his hands gently petting instead of holding the fabric in a death grip.

Mobius chuckles along and comments thoughtfully as Loki talks. He has always found Loki's work at the university interesting, loves hearing about the lores and stories he teaches to his students, then subsequently picks apart in his research. Loki has also always had a penchant for Shakespeare, having studied the playwright at university; he advises the theatre productions the school puts on as needed. Mobius couldn't tell apart Hamlet from Othello if his life depended on it, but he always listened with palpable awe whenever Loki would recite plays or sonnets. "You're very clever," he'd often whisper, just as Loki was in the middle of reciting a soliloquy. The genuine praise would always trip him up; Loki suspects it's done on purpose.

Eventually Loki falls quiet, rubbing his fingers into Mobius' shirt and pressing kisses against his neck intermittently, feeling that stubble rasp against his lips.

Mobius asks softly if they can go upstairs, which Loki is in vehement agreement with.

Before they make their way up the stairs, Loki asks, "Are you hungry?"

Mobius contemplates the question, but ultimately shakes his head no. Loki remembers there is left-over risotto in the fridge he could heat up quickly if Mobius got peckish later. Slowly, shuffling their way up the stairs and into their bedroom, Mobius sits on their soft bed, leaning back carefully against the headboard. He is already looking better.

Loki shucks off his still-damp clothing, throwing them on the floor. Mobius tuts from bed and Loki rolls his eyes as he picks them up to throw in the hamper. He throws on a fresh pair of pants, the smell of saltwater on his skin though still unbearable. He considers the ruined socks and shoes laying in Thor's car that he'd toed off as they'd driven home. Perhaps he'll ask Thor to burn them.

Mobius whistles from his spot at the sight of his husband's state of undress, and Loki smirks at him tiredly. He slowly makes his way to the bed, and takes a seat next to Mobius, body tilted towards him.

Mobius can tell Loki has something rumbling in his head, has something he needs to say. After years together, working through all of Loki's moods and navigating his mercurial nature, he's become an expert in knowing when to speak and when to let Loki stew for a bit to put his words together.

Loki takes a deep breath. He brings one hand to hold Mobius', the other wrapping around his husband's knee.

“I never got to say goodbye to my parents,” Loki eventually says. He takes a few more deep breaths, trying to level the tremor in his voice. “You know this. The last words I ever said to Frigga was that she wasn’t my mother. And I live with the regret of that every day.”

Mobius stays quiet, hand holding tight to Loki’s. He keeps his eyes trained on his husband, never wavering, never judging. There was nobody that could listen with total focus like Mobius.

“And I just...” Loki’s throat was rapidly closing with emotion, his eyes filling again. “And I just thought that... I just wanted to make sure that you *know*, unequivocally, that I could never take our life together for granted.” The professor brings Mobius’ hand up to press kisses to his fingertips. “I know I am a mess, and I am difficult... yet you wanted me when I didn’t want anything to do with myself.”

Mobius tries to interrupt now, but Loki just shakes his head quickly and Mobius quiets. Loki continues, “You know me, more than anybody else. You’ve seen my flaws and my weaknesses, and you still choose, every day, to wake up and love *me*. Every day that I wake up and see you lying next to me is a marvel. And Mobius... Mobius, I...”

Loki’s throat now does close up, face hot, tears streaking down his cheeks again. Mobius stays quiet still and just breathes deeply, once again prompting Loki to instinctively match his respiratory rate without a word said between them.

Loki could have never imagined that he would meet someone who sought to understand him so deeply, to love him so thoroughly. When Loki throws a fit, when he spits lies to protect himself, when he knows he’s being a brat, Mobius has learned through years of careful trial-and-error, and observation, exactly how to defuse him. Sometimes with quiet sympathy, sometimes with a sharp remark to bring Loki back to reality from the summit of his god-like outrage... but always with the knowledge that Loki doesn’t spit vitriol and snap because he’s bad—but because he’s human.

“Mobius, I don’t know what I would do if you weren’t...” Loki brings his gaze up, staring into Mobius’ eyes, ensuring that the gravity of the situation is being conveyed properly. “I would *never* have stopped looking for you. I would have scoured every inch of the Pacific if I had to find you. I would have *died* right out there in the ocean if—”

Now Mobius does move, fingers moving up quickly to touch Loki’s lips to quiet him. Loki notes how hard and flint-gray his eyes are now, despite the exhaustion ringed below them.

“Don’t you dare,” Mobius demands, voice sharp and brooking no argument. “Don’t you *dare*. I know you better than that.” He moves his hand, and holds Loki’s cheek in his hand. “You would come home. There isn’t another option.”

Loki looks down, tears falling into his lap, “But I wouldn’t. I *couldn’t*...” his voice breaks again.

“I’m not *asking*, Loki,” Mobius barks, his tone stony. “This isn’t up for debate. I want you to promise me, right now.” He thumbs Loki’s eyebrow, then under his eye, wiping away tears. His own have filled too, the sight of it breaking Loki’s heart further.

Loki can see from the look in Mobius’ eyes this isn’t an issue he will back down from until Loki acquiesces. For as well as Mobius knows Loki, the professor has also spent their years together learning more about the inexplicable man he’d fallen in love with.

Furthermore, it was cruel of Loki to put this pressure on Mobius—to tie their survivals together and shift the burden of Loki’s life onto his shoulders, as if there was anything he could do to prevent accidents like this. It was unfair and weak.

Loki leans his face into Mobius’ hand, pressing a kiss to his palm and whispering, “Ok, love. I promise. I’m sorry.”

Mobius’ uninjured shoulder relaxes, and his relief causes tears to escape down his cheeks as he chokes out, “Thank you.” He wraps his arm around Loki’s shoulders and brings him tight to him, pressing his face to his hair. “But I know when you’re just telling me something to shut me up.”

A small smile quirks his lips—of course Mobius can tell when Loki is trying to be the selfless and healthy one for once. Loki wraps his arms around his husband, feeling the strength under him, the strong beating of his heart.

Mobius rubs his hand up Loki’s bare back then down, further relaxing him into his body. But then he hisses in pain and Loki jerks back, looking at his face in alarm.

Mobius smiles ruefully. “Sorry. Damn arm.” He looks down at his sling morosely. “It’s gonna take some getting used to, not being able to touch my beautiful husband anytime I want.” He raises an eyebrow suggestively, then grimaces as the movement. Loki can see where Mobius’ skin and hair is crusty and dry from the residual blood and antibacterials used to clean up his wounds. “Or being able to scrub myself down properly.”

Loki smiles, larger than before, and traces a finger gently down his husband's chest. "I can do something about that."

Chapter End Notes

Do I love the idea of these two growing together? Learning from each other? Working to craft a beautiful relationship that was already magnetic from the start? Loki taking YEARS to become a borderline healthy adult and considering the feelings of others?

Yes. Yes I do.

Next chapter is pure soppy smut, and why I crafted this whole backstory and AU to begin with. Because god forbid my mind lets me write emotional sex without context.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Here, have some soppy smut I'll never be able to read again because I might die.

scuttles away, never to be seen again

Loki guides Mobius off the bed, and slowly brings them to the bathroom. Mobius' eyes the shower, then the bathtub and inquires, "Bath time?"

Loki heads towards the shower and turns the water on. "I was thinking a shower would be prudent," Loki replies as he sets the water temperature. "I don't think I'll be able to get either of us out of the water if we bathe."

Shower ready, Loki turns back to Mobius and slowly removes the sling, then removes his pants and shirt until he stands in nothing but the dagger necklace. Loki guides Mobius onto the ledge in the shower. Loki had at first scoffed at the addition when Mobius had constructed it, until he realized the value it had during sex.

Loki shucks his briefs and gets into shower too. The rainfall shower head soaks them from above, while the jets on all sides of the shower spray them down. Standing between Mobius' thighs, hands on his chest, Loki tilts his head back and lets the water sluice down his body. He groans at the feeling of the fresh water washing the salty residue off his skin, from the ocean and his own sweat. He can feel Mobius' hand rubbing a path from his ribs down to his hip and around to his ass. Just moving his hand, as if mapping out Loki's body hasn't been something he's been painstakingly committing to memory for years now. His other hand was just resting on Loki's thigh, fingers barely moving, trying to keep his shoulder as still as possible but unable to resist touching his husband's body.

Loki tilts his head down, wiping water from his eyes and resting his forehead against Mobius'. Looking over his husband's body, he's thankful the brace can come off for this. Although Mobius' hand stays just resting on Loki, Loki can almost pretend without the constant reminder of the sling that this is just a normal day. That Mobius hadn't almost been taken from him forever.

Loki presses soft kisses to Mobius' face, and Mobius tilts his head up for more, closing his eyes and murmuring Loki's name reverently. Loki grants him kisses across his forehead, down his nose—which has been crooked for as long as Loki has known him—his cheeks, around his mouth, then taking gentle sipping kisses from his lips.

Mobius grunts and tries to deepen the kisses, hands tightening around Loki. Loki whimpers at the feel of Mobius' tongue slipping against his lips, begging entrance. The professor opens his mouth, kissing his husband deeper, hands moving up to clench in his hair as he pushes closer.

The sound of the water and the wet sounds of their mouths, how their bodies are slipping against one another, along with the horrible stress of the day, feels overwhelming to Loki's fragile nerves, but in a way that reminds him they are both *here*, alive. He can feel himself hardening against Mobius' belly, and feels his husband responding as well.

He finally parts from Mobius with a gasp, feeling a hand dip down and press a fingertip gently against Loki's opening. Loki presses his face to Mobius', lips feeling red and swollen; he whimpers as Mobius' finger continues to rub. Mobius whispers, barely audible over the rushing water, "Oh, kitten...I love you. *I love you.*"

Loki clenches his fingers tighter in Mobius' hair as his knees liquefy and responds, voice absolutely wrecked, "I love you, more than I thought I could in a hundred lifetimes."

Loki can feel Mobius' lips twitch at the corners up into a small smile, nudging their noses together. "I know, sweetheart..." His finger continues rubbing circles around Loki's hole, driving him to distraction.

Loki moans but forces himself to pull his hips back begrudgingly, hating the loss of contact. Mobius' hand slips from where Loki desperately wants him to press deep, *deeper*, but he doesn't want to risk hurting Mobius in such a slippery place.

"Let me wash you. Let me take care of you," Loki whispers. Mobius' pupils are huge, and he nods with an almost dazed expression on his face. Mobius will often quietly just *look* at Loki with this expression of utter awe and adoration that the professor doesn't think he can live without anymore—as though Mobius cannot believe, even after all these years, that Loki chooses over and over to share these moments with him and him alone.

Loki stays between Mobius' legs as he reaches for the soap. He gently scrubs shampoo through Mobius' hair, whispering for him to close his eyes as Loki uses his nails to gently scrub the soap into his hair and scalp and wash it out, watching as flaked blood swirls down and fades into the drain. M groans, shameless in how much he absolutely loves when Loki spoils him like this. He doesn't ask for it, but Loki knows this is one of Mobius' favorite things about their concurrent showers. Loki spends a while just gently shampooing his husband's hair, making sure to be careful of where he'd hit his head but also working every bit of blood out of the strands.

After washing the soap from his hair, Loki lathers his hands and gently rubs them down Mobius' body, being especially careful of his cuts and his shoulder. He takes in every scar, every birthmark, worshipping the beautiful golden skin, darkened by hours and hours of sun exposure. He admires, not for the first time, the difference between Mobius' skin and his—the contrast of Loki's pale skin and dark hair against Mobius' bronzed skin and white curls of hair. Loki spends as much time out on the water with Mobius as he can, loves being on the water with his husband and seeing how happy it makes him, but Loki didn't tan like his husband did—he just burned.

Finally he washes Mobius' still-hard cock and the man moans, hands tightening on Loki again as he flutter his lashes in pleasure. Loki smirks and whispers, "Almost done, darling. Let's get to bed and I'll take care of you."

Mobius hums, a small smile quirking his lips. "Tease."

Once he is done rinsing Mobius off, Loki rushes through washing his longer hair and body. Mobius murmurs his dissent, knowing how much his husband enjoys showering and putting on a show, but Loki presses a kiss to his lips to stop his protests. Loki wants to get out of this shower and into their comfortable bed with his husband as fast as possible.

Finally, after turning the water off and towel drying Mobius, ignoring his half-hearted protests that he can do it himself, Loki guides them both towards the bed. Mobius declines the sling, so Loki just tucks his husband into bed, arranging multiple pillows under and around his shoulder to ensure it's well supported, before getting in on the other side.

He latches on to Mobius once he crawls in, leg hitched over both of his. His head rests on his husband's chest, ear on his chest and Mobius' arm around his shoulder. Loki curls his fingers around the sparse chest hair there. His insides still feel hollow, heart throbbing as if Mobius was miles away rather than right next to him. Loki feels he can't get close enough, which isn't a thought rooted in any rationality—he isn't sure how long he's going to feel this way, as though Mobius is going to disappear if he isn't always in his line of sight.

But this position did not appear to be enough for Mobius either. Loki feels Mobius' hands tugging on him, trying to get him to lay on top of him, gently digging fingers into the meat of his thigh.

"Mobius, please, you're going to get hurt." He rests a hand on Mobius' to try and still it. "Please, Mobius, I can't..."

Mobius keeps tugging and shakes his head, resolve strong. His eyes plead with Loki. “You’re too far.”

It doesn’t take much more convincing than that for Loki to acquiesce.

He slowly moves until his legs are threaded through with Mobius’, forearms on either side of his husband’s head so he can peer right down into his eyes, that bright blue tracking every movement of his face, taking in every detail. Loki’s hair falls down around Mobius’ head, curtaining them from the rest of the world. Moments like this make Loki glad he has those inches in height over Mobius—when he lays over him, he can blanket the silver-haired man with his entire body, a feeling of intimacy that Loki is addicted to.

At the weight of Loki on his chest, Mobius draws a deep breath and releases it, his whole body relaxing into the bed. “There,” he whispers. “Much better, hmm?”

“Mmm.” Loki nuzzles his face to Mobius’, feeling his husband’s stubble rasp against his face. He catalogues the strong thump of Mobius’ heart against his own and the drag of their legs rubbing together with each minute shift, the sensations doing wonders for his frazzled nerves. Loki presses his fingers into Mobius’ hair, marveling not for the first time how beautiful the silver looks in the light of the setting sun peeking through their bedroom window.

Loki feels Mobius’ hand travel down his back and rest on his ass while giving him a lascivious exaggerated smirk, whispering, “Now... where were we?”

Loki chuckles, feeling fit to burst with affection as he leaned down to kiss this ridiculous man. The kiss was slow and sweet—Loki was making a concerted effort to be as gentle as possible, taking his time. Gentle nibbles, tilting his head to bring them as close as possible, curling his tongue languorously around his husband’s. Mobius doesn’t rush either, smoothing his hand up and down Loki’s body while his other less mobile hand stays pressed to his hip.

Gradually, Loki feels Mobius hardening again, and feels his own arousal pooling in his belly in response. Their lengths were flush together, pressed between their bellies. He grinds his hips gently to Mobius, feeling the answering groan rather than hearing it.

Mobius murmurs into the kiss, “Loki...” He begins panting as Loki braces one leg on the bed and pushes more firmly down. “Loki, sweetheart, please...”

“Tell me what you want,” Loki whispers, eyes hooded. Keeping one hand in Mobius’ hair, he slides one hand down and palms the man’s length, rubbing his thumb over the head to smear the moisture beading at the tip. “Tell me, darling.”

Mobius whimpers. Loki’s use of pet names is rare, and it tears Mobius’ heart apart in tenderness when he does use them.

“I want...” Mobius tilts his head minutely to capture Loki’s lips again, only maintaining a few second kiss before he falls back again to gasp as Loki’s hand continues pumping his cock. “Please, sweetheart...I want—oh, *oh*—”

Loki stops stroking and grips the base of Mobius’ length, drawing a long moan out of his husband as he wriggles under him. Loki takes the moan into his mouth, not moving from where he hovers over Mobius. He wants to see every microexpression, see and experience Mobius’ rapture as if it was the first time. He watches as a bead of sweat runs into Mobius’ hairline, watches how his beautiful blue eyes track over Loki’s face reverently, presses his lips to the edges of that beautiful mouth, loves how Mobius tilts his head instinctively to try and catch Loki’s lips.

“I want you...” Mobius swallows hard, looking into Loki’s eyes. “To do... whatever you want. I want what you want, sweetheart.” Loki feels Mobius’ hand come up to his face to press tenderly to his cheek. “I love you, Loki.”

Loki’s vision begins to blur. He blinks rapidly and feels tears slip out, some cascading down his cheeks, some falling with gravity to land on Mobius’.

I would tear the world apart for you, Loki thinks desperately. Mobius’ thumb reaches out to wipe away Loki’s tears, his smile tremulous as he waits for Loki to move, to speak. *To find you, to protect you, I would do anything.*

But Loki can’t say a word, can’t give voice to any of these thoughts. His throat clicks as he tries to say something, *anything*, but nothing escapes even as he tries to move his mouth.

However Mobius doesn’t need a word from Loki to understand him, to recognize how his emotions have lodged themselves into his throat, preventing a sound from escaping. A tear leaks out the corner of Mobius’ eye as he whispers, “Loki...”

Loki surges forward to kiss him, tasting his lips once more, before pulling away to press kisses

down Mobius' neck, across his collarbone, and proceeding lower.

Mobius gasps and sobs Loki's name as he slowly moves down his body, until finally Loki lays between Mobius' legs, pressing kisses to his husbands' hips and the inside of his thighs. He feels the give of the flesh under his lips, loves how soft Mobius is relative to Loki. Most especially he loves the tiniest bit of extra padding that sits over his belt when he sits with his shirt tucked in. It drives Loki absolutely insane when he sees it—he loves that bit of softness to Mobius, how it feels between his teeth, how it presses against his own tummy when they lay against one another.

Finally, Loki brings his mouth to where Mobius wants it most. Taking his husband's hard cock in hand, he presses kisses along the length reverently, taking little licks. Slowly, he takes the head into his mouth and just feels the weight against his tongue, tastes the spend that collected at the tip as he gently sucks. Loki feels Mobius' hand slip into his hair, gently coiling into the long black curls. Not pushing, not pulling—just to feel Loki's movements in another way.

So Loki takes his time, enjoying the feel of his husband's cock in his mouth and his fingers in his hair, listening to every gasp and whimper, loving the litany of his name in that sultry voice. Loki remembers when he had first heard that voice, five years ago, and how foreign it had sounded to his ears in London. He remembers the day clearly, treasures his first sight of Mobius at that forgettable bar in London, how he'd only looked over when someone had brushed against him and his eyes had fallen on a man Loki had no idea would change his life.

Loki is pulled out of his memories at the feeling of Mobius' hand now gently tugging on his hair, hearing his husband murmuring, "Too close, I'm—I'm going to... come *here*, sweetheart." Mobius' head is tilted back, panting into the ceiling, but his hands are insistent. "*Please.*"

Loki gently pulls back, allowing his husband's cock to slip out between his lips. He murmurs in disappointment, loving the feel and taste of Mobius in his mouth, but gladly comes up to drape himself carefully over his husband once more. Loki presses his mouth to Mobius', who immediately opens his and the taste of Mobius is all that Loki knows in that moment. Loki reaches down to take them both in his hand, heart beating faster and erection pulsing at the feel of Mobius' wet cock pressing against his own.

Faces pressed together, Mobius' arm around Loki's waist, the professor tightens his grip around them, and begins simultaneously moving his hand and shifting his hips. They moan together, and Loki quickly feels that creeping pressure in his groin, knows he is close. His hand gets sloppy between them, helped along by the wetness along Mobius' cock and the spend coming from his own cock. Loki groans long and loud into Mobius' mouth as he comes, feeling the orgasm pulse out from his cock into his extremities, feeling the release of pressure that had been building in him. His eyes are filled with tears as he kisses Mobius, whimpering his husband's name.

Mobius gentles his hand down Loki's back, whispering, "That's it, sweetheart, that's it, you're so perfect... so good." He brings his hand up to wipe Loki's tears away. "I love you so much, sweetheart."

Loki chokes out Mobius' name and says, voice garbled with tears, "I know... I know, darling." And he does know. Their love, their relationship, is a solid bedrock they have built their lives on these past six years.

Mobius whimpers when Loki's hand left his cock; he is so, so hard, desperate for the release he had denied himself to make sure Loki was taken care of, but Loki shushes him gently, reaching out to grab the lube from the nightstand. Mobius realized what Loki was reaching for and cries quietly, heart racing in anticipation, "Oh, *Loki*..."

"Hush," Loki whispers, hands uncapping the tube to press some of the cool clear gel onto his fingers. "You said... you said anything I wanted, and this is what I want." He reaches back and whimpers as his fingers trace his hole, rushing to press a finger in to prepare himself quickly. "This is what I want, Mobius. I want to feel my husband inside me, I want to feel your cock for as long as possible, and fall asleep with your come inside of me. I want to wake up with your arms around me and my thighs wet... Can I do that, my own?"

Mobius often called Loki insatiable, and Loki agreed—he found his appetite for his husband had yet to wane since meeting. He couldn't imagine seeing his husband and not feeling hungry for his skin, for his touch, for the feeling of closeness when they were one.

Loki feels Mobius' hand skim down to meet his, where he was trying to introduce a second finger. Mobius whispers, "Let me, sweetheart."

The professor looks down at his husband's face carefully, inspecting for any signs of pain to make sure he is not exerting himself. Upon seeing none, Loki sighs in relief and pulls his fingers away slowly, moaning when he feels Mobius' fingers take over. Mobius' fingers were thicker, and knew exactly how to get Loki prepared, driving him insane in the process. Wiping his wet fingers on the bedspread, Loki reaches to press one hand against Mobius' heart and wraps the other around his nape, kissing him sloppily as he feels those fingers expertly opening him up, wet with the lube Loki had already pushed inside.

Finally, when he feels Mobius' third finger pressing inside Loki tries to pull away so he can line them up, but Mobius refuses to move, his hand following Loki's movement. "Not yet, sweetheart, not yet..."

Loki cries into his mouth, desperate, “Please Mobius, I’m ready, I’m *ready*...”

Mobius ignores him, pressing a kiss to his forehead reverently, continuing to move his fingers inside Loki until he feels he’s loose enough for his liking. The absolute care that Mobius takes of Loki, in every single situation, no matter where they were, drives Loki to distraction. The way he makes Loki’s tea, how he brings him lunch at the university even if he can’t stay, carefully reads through his academic work even if he doesn’t understand all of it, the devotion he shows when they are making love...

After either 5 minutes or 5 centuries, Mobius finally pulls his fingers away with a wet sound. Loki whines, hands squeezing where they rest on Mobius as his hole flutters, clenching around nothing. His cock is almost fully hard now—Mobius had made a concerted effort to ensure he was perfectly hitting his husband’s prostate at every move, knowing how it made him crazy. But his suffering does not last—Mobius lines up his cock and gently pushes up while Loki instinctively pushes his hips down to take his husband’s cock inside of him. A sigh escapes him, his body relaxing instinctively at the feeling of Mobius’ cock finally pressing inside. Loki loves this feeling—he relishes in the oversensitivity, in the delicious feel and sound of his cock in his ass.

And Mobius finally bottoms out, his breath escaping him as he gently thrusts his rock hard length into Loki. Loki presses gentle kisses to his husband, being extra careful to lavish extra attention on the cuts and bruises that mottle his precious face.

They rock together, bodies still damp from the shower and getting more slick with sweat. Loki’s spend is still wet on their bellies. Their breathing is harsh in the quiet of the room, the bed rocking gently under them. Loki can’t take his eyes off his husband, the sweat that has collected at his temples in his hair, the red flush that’s spread from his cheeks down his neck. Loki’s heart feels fit to burst, his entire torso feeling too tight, aching with love and quiet desperation for more of this man, more time with him, more life to live together exactly as they are now.

Loki can feel when Mobius’ thrust get erratic, unable to maintain rhythm with his impending orgasm. His arm holds Loki close, his other hand digging nails into Loki’s hip.

“L—Loki,” Mobius gasps. “Sweetheart, I’m—I’m—!”

“I know, my love,” Loki whispers wetly. “Come, please come...” He can feel his own orgasm, sneaking up fast. His belly and thighs are tight, shaking from stimulation.

It only took a few more strokes before Mobius cries out, and Loki feels that delicious warmth spread inside of him. That sensation kicks off his own orgasm, and he gasps as his body clenches

tight as he rides out the feeling.

“Loki... Loki, sweetheart,” Mobius voice is shaking, eyes wet. “I...*I love* you.”

Loki can listen to that delicious drawl, all the more ragged for the orgasm that has been drawn out of him, for hours. He replies, clenching his hole around Mobius’ cock, “Not as much as I love you.”

Mobius twitches at the overstimulation but doesn’t move, knowing Loki’s penchant for keeping Mobius inside him for as long as he can, but chuckles out, “You keep telling yourself that, sweetheart.”

Loki hums, and brings himself down to slowly, carefully, rest fully on Mobius, his face pressed to his throat and hands around his nape. Mobius slips from inside and Loki keens as come seeps from his hole. He shifts his hips, feeling devastatingly empty. Mobius shushes him, pressing his lips to his forehead as he strokes his hand down to slip his fingers into Loki.

Loki moans in gratitude, feeling Mobius chuckle into his forehead, still out of breath. “Completely insatiable.”

Loki nips gently at his throat in mock reprimand, thinking he’d love to sink his teeth into that neck and how he usually would, biting down and sucking until a glorious bruise formed—but restrains himself. As soon as Mobius was healed. He clenches his hole around Mobius’ fingers, loving how they continue to shift inside him, soothing him.

After they regain their breath, Loki reluctantly makes to get up to retrieve a cloth from the bathroom to clean them off. Mobius usually prefers to have at least the come on their bellies wiped off—he wrinkles his nose in the morning at the flaking come that glues them together during the night.

Mobius’ fingers slip out of him and he grabs Loki’s elbow as the man uses his arms to push himself up. “Where are you going?”

Loki kisses that furrowed brow. “I’ll be right back.”

Mobius tightens his grip, threads a leg around Loki’s and shakes his head. “*Stay*, kitten.”

Loki veritably melts at the endearment as he always does, spine going absolutely molten. He easily relaxes back, but warns Mobius, “Don’t turn your nose in the morning when we’re stuck together.”

Mobius considers this but then shakes his head, tugging Loki closer by his elbow as he says, “Worth it.”

Loki feels utterly wrung out as he lays back down, keeping his face against the man’s throat, ear close enough to his heart to hear it thumping. His eyes feel red, swollen, and itchy. His body feels as though it’s the one that had been battered by waves. Loki rubs his fingers through Mobius’ chest hair and wonders again how on earth he’s supposed to take his eyes off this man for the next few days—weeks? Months? However long it takes for the trauma of today to wane.

“I don’t know what I did to deserve this,” he hears Mobius whisper. “To deserve you.”

Loki smiles but teases, “You must have been a saint in a past life.”

Mobius gently pinches the skin of Loki’s forearm between his fingers and teases back, “A bad one if all I got was a pain in the ass to show for it.”

Loki shifts so he can still lay on Mobius but rest his head on the pillow too, facing him with eyes narrowed. “I can show you a pain in the ass come morning.”

Mobius smiles wide and winks. “Looking forward to it.” He closes his eyes, crooked twice-broken nose just barely touching Loki’s.

Loki doesn’t follow suit. He knows rationally that his husband is here, has many ways to confirm he isn’t going anywhere—from the feeling of him under his hands, the taste of his kisses, to the come between his thighs. But the terror of the day is still lingering in his blood, keeping him sleepless.

After a few minutes, Mobius notices that Loki isn’t falling asleep. He flutters his eyes open and stares into his husband’s eyes again. He resumes running his hand over Loki’s body, watching each minute shift of Loki’s face. He knows where Loki’s thoughts are. “I’m not going anywhere, sweetheart.”

“I know.” Loki releases a small sigh, nuzzling his nose to Mobius’. “Go to sleep.”

“You first.”

Mobius can be horribly stubborn when he wants to be. Loki can see how tired his husband is and knows the pain meds are staving off any pain he may have from being tossed around like a rag. His eyes are ringed with gray bags that make his face appear strangely older. He knows when he sleeps, Loki is going to brood.

Loki threads his fingers through Mobius’ hair and closes his eyes. “Ok.”

The professor consciously lengthens his breaths and tries to relax, knowing Mobius is waiting for any deception on Loki’s end. His husband knows him far too well. Slowly Mobius begins sagging further into the mattress, and whispers a final, “I love you.” He seems to slip into sleep minutes later.

Loki pulls back slightly to see Mobius’ face again. He presses a kiss to Mobius’ lips again, unable to help himself, and loves the way that Mobius’ lips twitch up.

Loki spends the night keeping vigil, sending prayers to gods he doesn’t believe in that he hasn’t lost this.

End Notes

My first fic ever. Wow.

THIS IS GRATUITOUS SELF INDULGENCE. I wrote this weeks ago, and it's just been sitting here, so I figure someone else might like to read tooth rotting fluff and some mild angst :)

-This work is finished, I'll be posting a chapter once ever 3-4 days

-The last chapter is pure smut, but the first 2 chapters will reference to sexy times as well!

-Title credit to Powerful, by Ellie Goulding and Major Lazer

DISCLAIMER: I have no idea what universities, tides, jet skis, or surfing is like, so take everything with a bag of salt

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!